ZOLA'S WORK CURE.

CLEVER EXPOSITION OF A BRIGHT FRENCH PHYSICAN.

Brain Work as a Remedy For Nervous Invalids—The Interesting and Impressive Example of Victor Hugo—The Philosophy of Labor.

Alluding to Zola's stirring discourse to the students, my kind colleague, M. Boulat, has the amiability to remind me that the idea of a methodical medical treatment by work belongs in principle to me.

I am very proud of his quoting me in this way, but the idea of work as normally helpful would really not be a sufficiently happy and new discovery if I did not endeavor to say more definitely in what way "labor" is helpful to our human mechanism, to what real want of the mind it corresponds and under what conditions it would be beneficial.

Medical men have neglected to write—at least in popular terms—about the curious psychology of the brainworkers and that of intelligent sluggards. Perhaps I can, by divesting this captivating problem of its intricate technicalities, write a few words about it that might be worthy the interest of more than one of our readers and make them understand how profound, legitimate and in harmony with psychology is the advice (apparently somewhat trivial) that Zola gives us—the advice to work in order to forget suffering and doubt.

Let us to this end picture to ourselves, in most rudimentary simplicity, this nervous system of man, which the least agree to consider as the incarnation of the soul, its material form, so to speak.

We can condense it in a few words—thus: First, a central apparatus which represents the brain, and then the nerves, white filaments that connect the least part of our organism with the brain center.

The nerves are nothing but the conducting apparatus—telephone wires, one might say.

Their function is a twofold one: First, to conduct to the center the impressions born by contact with the outer world—this is the part of the nerves called "sensitive;" and secondly, starting from the center, to give to the different organs the order to act and move. This is the part of the motor nerves.

Almost every nerve center is complex and serves a double purpose—to transmit to the commanding power the impressions of our five senses, and then to carry the commands of that power to the acting organ, the muscular cell, that unreasoning and most obedient servant.

As to the brain, this is its function—to receive, whether consciously or not, the impressions of the senses and to give them shape, from which springs the desire for corresponding action.

If several impressions take shape at the same time, the strongest, the most urgent determines the choice of action. The will, the soul, decide, and the gesture obeys.

Thus the sensation is transformed and reflected in a voluntary act. The angle of this reflection is in the brain. In short, the human organism in its noblest functions can be reduced to this elementary image—the coming and returning of a nervous vibration, a receiver in the first part of its passage and a motor in the second. We receive sensations and change them into actions. All considered, the true definition of this fine word "sensibility" can only be "the centripetal nervous phenomenon" (oh, what awful words!), the centrifugal phenomenon representing action.

We are therefore really but a machine in regard to incessant exchange (except during the hours of sleep) with the exterior world. It gives to us, and we continually give back. The functions of the nervous system can comparatively be reduced simply to a problem of natural mechanism.

The word "mechanism" implies force, and here we enter into the heart of the subject. Like all machines, the brain in activity uses heat—burns combustibles to transform them into work and useful realizations. One measures rather imperfectly still, but one does measure the dynamic variations of this machine. Well, the combustible of the brain, its source of strength, is sensation. The nervous vibration that goes to the brain engenders the vibration that leaves it. If our mind is capable of willing, of creating, of producing, it is because it has been fed, often unconsciously, by very intense sensations to such a point that (who would think it?) the most sensitive are the strongest.

This is so contrary to common opinion that I might justify it somewhat.

To speak only of intellectual work, let us take for example Victor Hugo—none could be more typical.

Judging from the splendor and enormity of his works, he certainly was strong. It appears from all that has been said of him that no man showed less feeling. To all those who lived with him he seemed somewhat of a demigod whom moral suffering could not touch and who could not be moved by the sorrows of the heart. This seems disastrous to the theory which I uphold.

On the contrary, it will sustain it as soon as we understand the meaning of the words.

In the long life during which he lost so many dear to him, the poet hardly ever had any of those moments of moral dejection or wept for himself. What he lacked then was the power to express in the ordinary way human and individual emotions or the sensations which assailed him. But these sensations were not less intense. On the contrary, his sensitive nerves without ceasing carried floods of this increasing centripetal vibration which is the true sensitiveness. Only, understand me well, instead of changing them into feeling, weakness or emotion (to use the right word), he transformed them all immediately into work and literature. Instead of allowing himself to be overwhelmed and tortured by these forces of sensibility which were so strong in him, he carried them outside and continually returned them under the form of useful work.

Twice in his life he suffered most cruel blows—at Villequiet, where his daughter was drowned, with her husband, a week after their wedding, and on the 2d of December, when he was exiled.

What did he make out of it? Very few tears or personal agony, but two prodigious works of incomparable force of expression—one of grief, the other of indignation. The second volume of "Contemplations," which will make generations weep in his stead, and those scourging "Chatiments," by which so many souls have been roused to vengeance, stirred by his flaming verses, were the results.

Don't you see in this example, not only carried to an extreme, but to the marvelous, the influence of work which brings forgetfulness and annihilates pain.—Maurice de Fleury in Boston Transcript.

Encourage Children to Sleep.

Children who are allowed or rather encouraged to take a nap in the daytime will not only sleep just as well at night, but will sleep much better because of it. Children who have been accustomed to it, when for some special reason it is necessary to miss it, become overtired, their nerves are overtaxed, and it is sometimes quite a trial of patience to get them quieted for the night. The little ones need plenty of sleep and if well will not sleep any more than is good for them. Therefore, I say, let them sleep all that they will or can, and if your boy will take a nap during the day until he is 5 or 6 years of age he will not be any the worse for it. Rather, in my way of thinking, he will be a great deal better for it, and so will the mother—that is, if he is as active and noisy as the average wee laddies. So don't try to "break up" his naptime. On the contrary, encourage him to keep it up just as long as he will do so.—Chicago Journal.

RHYMES ABOUT EYES.

Here is a handful
Of rhymes about eyes;
Perchance they are truthful,
Perchance they are lies.

The critics may flout them
And vow they are wrong.
But a fig for their censure,
And here is my song.

Blue eyes for laughter,
Blue eyes for love,
Blue eyes that borrow
The azure above.

Green eyes for glory,
Gray eyes for greed,
Brown eyes for beauty;
Who runs so may read.

Calm eyes for courage
When contests begin;
Deep eyes for daring,
And squint eyes for sin.

Men's eyes for wisdom,
Maid's eyes for mirth,
Babes' eyes for secrets
Too sacred for earth.

Look now and listen,
The last rhyme appears;
'Tis young eyes and old eyes
And all eyes for tears.

These lines that I've ended
In sorrowful wise,
Think you they are truthful,
Or think you they're lies?

—Susan Best in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

"EVERYTHING GOES."

A Flirtation Which Turned Out Differently Than They Usually Do.

"At the summer hotel everything goes," said an acquaintance of mine. We were at Long Branch for a day or two, and at that particular moment were strolling along the cliff in the direction of the iron pier. We sat down on the turf and hung our feet over the ledge.

"Yes, sir, I've had lots of fun along here, and within 20 steps of this place I got myself in the worst scrape of my life."

"Woman?" I suggested interrogatively.

"Exactly. There were two of them, and deuced pretty too. It was four years ago. I had been having a good time with a friend of mine here and was on the point of returning to New York, when one evening we were walking along here in just this way. The two young women were right ahead and appeared to be in jolly mood. I noticed them glancing around at us occasionally as if inclined for a flirtation. I was always pretty self confident when it came to summer girls—had 'gall,' my friend put it—and said at once:

"'Let's pick 'em up.' My friend hesitated a moment, laughed, then said. 'All right—go ahead, but it's dinners for four you don't do it!'

"'I'll have to go you,' said I.

"Well, we quickened our steps a little, and I thought I saw that the girls slowed down a little. So I walked up to them, and taking off my hat greeted them as some casual acquaintances I had met in New York and wound up by requesting permission to introduce my friend. You know how such things are done. My friend tried to stop me at the last moment, but too late.

"At first the girls looked very much astonished. Then they looked at each other and giggled. Then they looked at my friend and giggled some more. Then the elder apologized for having forgotten my name. 'Of course,' said she, with a sweet smile, 'I knew your face at once.' Then I went through the form of introducing my friend, whom the other girl remarked was 'already known to them by reputation.' This bold declaration eased my mind of any misgivings I might have entertained at the start, for I thought 'She is a bigger liar than I am.' The thing now was to win my bet. Strangely enough, as it seemed to me, my friend entered into the spirit of the scheme just as though he wasn't sure to be a loser. In an astonishing short time he was on familiar terms with the elder lady—for I found within a few minutes that they were really ladies—and they were carrying on at a great rate.

"The one I was with was a little shy, but she was awfully jolly and seemed to be just brimming over with fun. Well, I sprung a supper on them later, and to my astonishment they accepted. It was in a quiet place, and we enjoyed it immensely. During the entertainment I caught my friend with his arm around the girl who sat next to him. At the same moment my girl saw it, and my thought was intercepted with a blush. The other two seemed to have some sort of an understanding. I really began to feel uncomfortable and was fast losing confidence in myself, for the more I saw the younger the sweeter and the more charming she appeared. I began to experience a sort of resentment that she should be so easily drawn into such an escapade. Of course I laid it on her elder companion, who sat there brazenly with my friend's arm around her. She at least should know better.

"'Oh, everything goes at a summer hotel,' said he, noting a gathering cloud on my pretty fairy's brow.

"'No, it doesn't!' she finally exclaimed, jumping up from the table. 'This thing doesn't go any further, Mr. Jack!' And she called him by his real name. 'And what's more, it is about time you were taking your sister Nellie and me home!'

"Well, sir, you could have knocked me over with a feather. All the time I had thought I was playing them they were playing me. But it served me right for being such a conceited ass!"

I remarked to the story teller that his experience had probably been followed by complete recovery, and I shied a stone into the Atlantic.

"Recover? I shall never recover," he answered laughingly. "I married the girl!"—New York Herald.

A Paradox of the Pole.

At the north pole there is only one direction—south. One could go south in as many ways as there are points on the compass card, but every one of these ways is south; east and west have vanished. The hour of the day at the pole is a paradoxical conception, for that point is the meeting place of every meridian, and the time of all holds good, so that it is always any hour one cares to mention. Unpunctuality is hence impossible—but the question grows complex, and its practical solution concerns few.

No one needs to go to the pole to discover all that makes that point different from any other point of the surface. But the whole polar regions are full of unknown things, which every arctic explorer of the right stamp look forward to finding. And the reward he looks forward to most is the approval of the few who understand and love knowledge for its own sake rather than the noisy applause of the crowd who would cheer him, after all, much as they cheer a winning prizefighter or race horse or political candidate.—McClure's Magazine.

The wisest of us see things at a great exhibition which fill us with surprise and questioning. We are sure to see things which are new to our more or less limited experience. That is part of the good time.

The snake worm is the name of a small creature which when alone has almost no power of locomotion. Large numbers of them, by forming a close, ropelike procession, move with ease from place to place.

A woman says that a man can walk 40 miles a day and arrive fresh at the end of his journey, but he cannot take care of a baby half an hour without complaining that he is utterly worn out.

Rabbits have been revived after receiving a shock of 2,500 volts and 20 amperes—a shock more powerful than is given in the execution of murderers in New York.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

The Distinctive Quality of Femininity That Once Prevailed.

There used to be in the literature produced by women a distinct quality of femininity. It is not so common as it once was, although names of living writers might be given whose work has it. But not to excite the animosity of any who would dislike to be accused of it, we may safely go to a remote past for an example, and we certainly shall not give offense by recalling the letters of Mme. de Sevigne. This delightful quality which everybody recognizes has a charm quite distinct from any grace of style as it is usually defined. It is as indefinable as the charm of a beautiful woman. The most that we can say of it is that it is a note of femininity.

No man, whatever his esprit, or his delicacy, or his lightness of touch, has ever had it, not even the most effeminate among men writers. It is a most desirable and valuable quality, and the one quality that women can and men cannot contribute to literature. In these days most women consider it a compliment if their anonymous writings are taken to be the productions of men. And men—they are still so ungallant—would be annoyed if this careless judgment be passed upon their work, "Sounds as if it were written by a woman."

It is understandable why women wish to be thought to write like men on the theory that literature, like other art, is sexless, and that there is only one standard of excellence. But it is not understandable why women, enfranchised and come as an equal into the kingdom of letters, should wish to drop a quality so fascinating and so full of potency and charm as that we are speaking of. Practically in her competition with men she has dropped it. We encounter it less and less. And it is a grave question whether the re-enforcement of literature by an increasing number of women who write so that their productions cannot be distinguished from those of men is a compensation for the loss of this lovely quality of femininity.

Is it necessary that women in gaining knowledge and skill should sacrifice this most exquisite expression of woman as woman—that is, the expression of a charm which is one of the few notes of reminiscence of our fallen state? It is not effeminacy. In the common meaning it is not lack of virility, but it is the counterpart of that quality which is etymologically strictly derived from the word "vir." It is for women to say whether literature is to lose this quality.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

A Wily Husband.

A story is told of a well known literary man and his wife which would seem to indicate that not all of the artifice and scheming should be put down to women.

The couple referred to decided to repaper a certain room in their suburban home. Although apparently simple enough this undertaking proved to be a difficult one, as not only was the individual and diametrically different taste of each of the two to be consulted, but the paper that was already upon the walls of an adjoining room had to be taken into consideration as well. Again and again did the paper hanger, who tells the story, come out with his big rolls of samples to the suburban house, only to return with the matter undecided, as the wife was sure to dislike what the husband liked, and vice versa.

At length the husband had a private interview with the paper hanger and suggested that the gordian knot be cut in this wise:

"You bring out the very first roll that you showed us, which suited me," advised this man whose ingenuity of plot had long been the admiration and despair of the literary guild. "Mrs. —— won't remember it, and if she does I shall immediately say that I don't like it, that it clashes with the paper on the other room, and so forth, so that she will at once declare for it and nothing else. Then I shall yield reluctantly but gracefully to her wishes, and the thing will be settled the way I want it to be."

The paper hanger did as he was told, and the little plot having worked like a charm that identical paper is now on the walls of the ——s' living room.—New York Times.

Marrying In Haste.

Some people have very queer views of matrimony. They allow the clergyman to put the double team harness on, and then they begin to kick until they have smashed the wagon into kindling wood. They solemnly swear to love, honor and obey, but before the honeymoon is over it is changed into a vinegar moon. It is the old story of the monkey and the parrot, for the circus begins soon after the benediction, and one of them starts for the divorce courts before the confectioner has been paid for the wedding cake.

There are several illustrations of these statements close at hand. One young lady informs us that she had rejected her lover on three separate occasions, but finally surrendered because it was easier, on the whole, to marry him than to keep telling him that she wouldn't do it. They got into a quarrel on the way home, and the husband left his beloved, his prize, his treasure, his duckling, in a horse car, while he went to a drug store for some arnica and court plaster.

Love is a beautiful thing in its way, but when it gets into the finger nails the marriage certificate takes flight up the chimney. When the man is made of gunpowder and the wife is an animated lucifer match, you can predict the future as the old Thomas almanac used to—"Look out for thunderstorms about this time."—New York Telegram.

The Anglo-Saxon Crank.

Of all cranks the Anglo-Saxon crank is the most entertaining, because he has an idea that he can revolutionize the English language by throwing out a number of words that everybody uses and introducing in their stead a number that nobody knows anything about. The Anglo-Saxon maniac has a strong antipathy to all words that are of Latin or Greek derivation, or indeed of any derivation at all except Saxon and proposes to throw them, neck and crop, out of the English language and substitute English words in their stead. One of the tribe has recently published a little handbook of the proposed changes, which is the most amusing tissue of absurdity ever seen. According to this reformer electricity should be fireghost, superannuated should be overyeary, democracy ought to be folkdom; criticism, deemsterhood, and horizon, skyedge. For telegram he would have us say wirespell, and for omnibus, folktrain. A row of houses ought to be housetwins, a quadrangle should be fourwinkle and an appendix, hankmatter. For the word magnificent he would substitute highdeeds and a perambulator should be a pushwainling. Enthusiasm should be faithheat, and epidemic a manqualm and an embassador of state, spellman.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Suggestion.

The office boy was slow, very slow, to catch on to the less agreeable tasks of his office, and he did not always have the floor swept as neatly as it might have been or the furniture as carefully dusted. His employer was good natured, however, and tried to teach him by gentle means. The other morning he came in, and the place was untidy.

"Frank," he said to the boy as he nodded at some papers under the desk, "when you see such things as that on the floor, don't they suggest something to you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frank affably.

"What, Frank?"

"That some careless person has been around the desk," said Frank, and he got the bounce from the careless person on the spot.—Detroit Free Press.